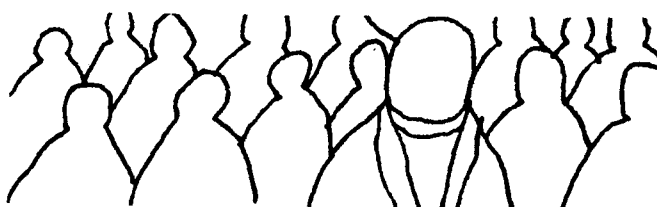


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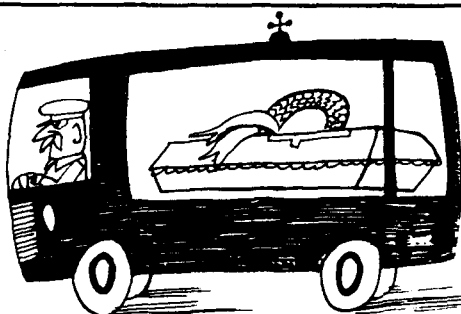
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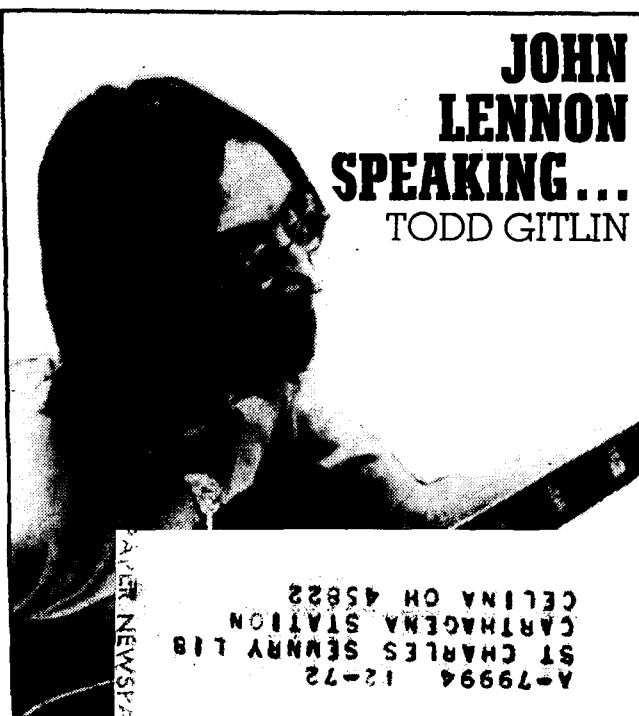
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NEWS & VIEWS

Tenants vs. School

A tense little struggle has shaped up between tenants at Manhattan's 22 East 89th Street and St. David's School, a private lay-operated Catholic institution in the same block, over a plan that would replace their apartment building with a gymnasium-auditorium.

The building houses about 100 persons, many of them old and of low income. St. David's acquired it last January for \$800,000 and plans eventually to raze the building and redevelop the site.

A tenants' committee is now charging St. David's with defaulting on Christian principles of love of neighbor, and on the Catholic social doctrine it has been teaching for 20 years.

"We are horrified when old people are mugged on the streets of New York by addicts," a committee statement declared, "but when St. David's Catholic School does the same to old people and the poor it is called 'progress.' Depriving old people and low-income people of a home they have had for years is merely a sophisticated form of mugging."

St. David's, for its part, thinks it is being unfairly indicted. A dispossession notice has been served on one tenant for not paying the rent, but "there have been no other evictions and no threats," according to St. David's headmaster David Hume.

He noted that the contracts of some tenants have a couple of years to run, and said these will be honored. He declared, however, that it is "doubtful" that new leases will be issued when the present ones run out; tenants would "stay on a month to month basis."

This, naturally, is small consolation to the tenants, many of whom have been living in the building from 15 to 35 years, and to whom the few years they are pro-

tected by their leases or by St. David's time-schedule are as nothing. (Hume said that plans are vague, and it would be "2-to-3 years in the future, if not more" before St. David's could do anything with the site.)

Officials of the New York archdiocese, meanwhile, are letting it be known quietly that St. David's isn't theirs, and that they have neither control nor responsibility for what St. David's does or does not do.

Obviously these officials are anxious to protect against the flak that is sure to fly when the St. David's issue hits the media in a big way—which hasn't happened yet, but which will. St. David's is the school of Hearsts, Skourases and Kennedys.

Using the Senate

The use of the Vice President's Senate office, practically in the lobby of the Senate itself, as a lobbying headquarters for Administration officials is beginning to distress sensitive legislators.

They view the development as a further encroachment of the Executive Branch on the Senate, where the floor leaders (Scott, Griffin) already act as if they were serving in a parliamentary rather than separation-of-powers system.

Fueling the distress at the moment: the exhibit in the Vice President's room of the Russian SS-9 missile and alongside it, the smaller but effective U.S. Minuteman. (One Minuteman is capable of drilling a crater the size of a city.) The intention is to

swing support to the Jackson Amendment, which would allegedly insure missile parity with Russia in the post-SALT future.

The exhibit is bogus as hell. The United States begins with a 2-to-1 warheads advantage now (5,746 to 2,492), and at the end of the five-year period covered by the Moscow accords would have a 3-to-1 advantage. Into the 1980s, this would stretch to 5-to-1.

There are also large ironies about the exhibit, not the least of which is the Administration's maneuvering behind a Democrat's amendment that would trim the Administration's own accords.

But the larger concern remains the usages to which the V.P.'s office is being put, and it provoked the following floor exchange between Senators Fulbright and Church, after Church revealed his visit to the exhibit:

FULBRIGHT: . . . May I ask the Senator, since I have not been invited into the Vice President's room, whether the Vice President's room is now a substation of the National Security Council? Is it used for the purpose of influencing the votes of Senators? I have not been in there. Is this an exhibition hall?

CHURCH: Yes. I suggest to the Senator that he go and knock at the door and ask if they will let him in.

FULBRIGHT: Is that what the Senator did?

CHURCH: No. I was led by the hand.

FULBRIGHT: The Senator was invited in.

CHURCH: The Senator is correct.

FULBRIGHT: Mr. President, I thought that was a ceremonial hall for the Vice President. However, it is now an exhibit hall for the National Security Council. Is that what it is now?

CHURCH: Apparently so.

FULBRIGHT: Mr. President, this is rather peculiar in view of the fact that officials of the National Security Council, including Mr. Kissinger, refuse to come to the Hill for committee hearings. Now instead of coming to the Hill to testify, they have the exhibits here and ask Senators into the Vice President's room so that they can see these models . . .

Senator Fulbright mischievously suggested that another room be set aside for lobbyists against the Jackson Amendment, and that a counter-exhibit be set up:

CHURCH: The Senator knows that an effort of that kind would cause a great uproar.

Precisely. What's sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander in Richard Nixon's Washington.

Say It Again, Sam

Last month wasn't a time for felicities in print.

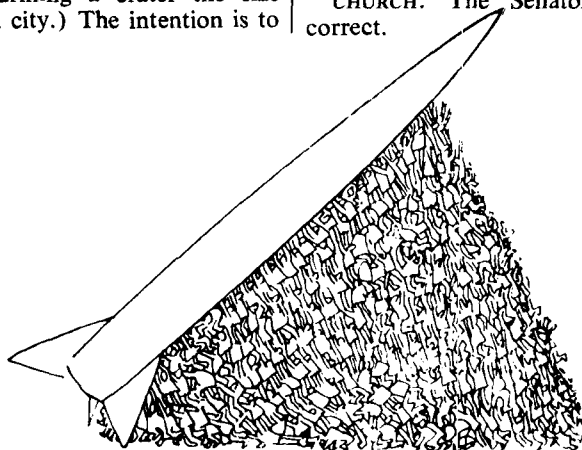
William Peter Blatty, author of *The Exorcist*, remarked to the *New York Times* that there was probably no such thing as an ex-Catholic. The church, he said, is "like a woman you've had children by, she's always in your blood."

About the same time, columnist Joseph Alsop was reflecting in the *Washington Post* that "this year, seemingly, the voters are going to choose their President the way any sensible man chooses a plumbing fixture":

"You do not expect to love, or even like a plumbing fixture. The test is not whether a plumbing fixture is charming. The main test of a plumbing fixture is whether it flushes."

It's been a while, I imagine, since most of us have seen a U.S. President compared to a toilet bowl. JOHN DEEDY

Urs, Germany





Rome and the Anglicans

Brookline, Mass.

To the Editors: The article "Anglicans Opt for the Status Quo" by Michael De-La Noy [July 14] contains one sentence which is rather interesting, i.e., "Rome is believed to be on the point officially of acknowledging the validity of Anglican Orders. . ."

This is the second time in recent months such an idea has been put forth. It is alleged that the Rev. John Linnan, C.S.V., of the Theological Consortium, Washington, D.C., expressed much the same idea during the meeting announced as "Contours for Tomorrow: Episcopalians and Roman Catholics View their Future" held at Graymoor, New York, May 8-12, 1972.

May one inquire on what basis this view is being broadcast? Can anyone quote chapter and verse where Rome has even hinted at such a move? In 1896 Leo XIII in *Apostolicae Curae* condemned as invalid through defect both of form and intention Anglican Orders. To date the document still stands.

Not a few converts from Canterbury to Rome would simply like to know if Leo XIII and *Apostolicae Curae* are to be swept under the rug, and if so on what basis of reasoning or even worse, a rewriting of history, and the puzzlement that goes with such a move.

OTIS J. CRESSON

Religious Freedom in Cuba

Laurel, N.Y.

To the Editors: I have just finished reading James Higgins' "New Church in New Cuba" in your July 28th issue, and I find myself very much distressed by the impression this article must give your readers regarding the Cuban Church before 1959. According to the opening paragraphs, it would seem as if most active Catholics and all Church officials in Cuba before Castro were

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RESPECT FOR LIFE

It was fitting, ironic, and tragic that the Munich murders and their equally brutal aftermath should occur so close to the first anniversary of Attica. The events had several things in common. Ironically, the very concept of seizing hostages presumes a humanistic value system on the part of the larger society. Their captors are usually alienated, desperate men, outlaws who themselves mock law and scorn moral values, yet risk their lives in the gamble that the "civilized" community has too much respect for individual lives to allow its captured citizens to be slaughtered by fanatics. So, irrational men challenge rational men with the "good" man's dilemma: does he compromise the order of the state and thereby risk the consequences of possibly unlimited future disorders for the immediate safety of a few individual captives, or does he watch the captives die for the cause of supposed order? It is a cruel fate that moral sensitivity on the part of the state—as personified in its political leaders—should so put the community at the mercy of madmen. Yet, it is this very vulnerability—this fundamental insistence that lesser values such as property and national pride must be tempered for the sake of human freedom—that eventually separates civilization from barbarism, no matter how barbaric corrupted civilizations become.

To remember Attica is to remember how much the violence of the state, with its almost irrational passion for order, can exceed the violence of its desperate men. What values could the Governor of New York have weighed a year ago as, refusing even to visit the scene of the crisis, he sent his men in shooting? It is hard to resist the conclusion that in the eyes of the state the lives of prisoners—black, poor, nameless and powerless—and even the lives of hostages, now barely distinguishable from their captors, prisoners of the same system that oppressed them both, were worth less than the assurance that the impatient state had resolved its dilemma. And even when it became clear that the zealous rescuers had shot the hostages dead, the Governor had no regrets. After all, even before the corpses were tagged and examined the President of the United States had hurried to congratulate him.

Like the blacks in Attica, the prisoners of Munich belonged to a people that has borne violence and persecution for generations. Unlike the prisoners of Attica they were not violent rebels, nor the off-scrappings of their

society. They were an elite. Yet because of what they represented and because of what the Olympic Games have become they were caught up in and destroyed by the games nations play—victims of fanaticism, irrational hate, and perhaps the impatience of the state to be free of its dilemma.

From one point of view it seemed doubly tragic that this act of terrorism took place in the context of the “spirit of the Olympics.” The games have been described as civilized man’s oldest experiment in brotherhood, a human hymn to the beauty of the body—lithe, well-muscled young men, graceful, spectacular women (like the Russian gymnasts), the finest products of their races and nations, testing the limits of physical and spiritual ambition, competing for personal pride and national honor, all with the sponsored expectation that the controlled and honored struggle of the best young bodies would lead to a higher union of the spirit. Sometimes those moments of brotherhood were there—boxers who pummeled one another for three rounds could hug one another after the final bell.

Yet, once the games have taken on an ideology of their own, as the ritual of a secular religion or as the vehicle of nationalistic hopes, it is understandable that they could end in violence and discord. Sports can never transcend politics. Man is political by necessity and athletic only by choice. In Mexico City four years ago students were shot down in the streets, while Olympic athletes a few miles away psyched themselves up to win

their medals. And at both games the clenched fists and slouched postures of blacks on the winners’ stand have brought on the umbrage of the Olympian elders.

All over the world men are dying violently and irrationally at one another’s hands. Eleven die in the midst of an internationally televised ritual of sports and the world pauses to mourn; but the unhappy fact is that most nations are more committed to terror than they are to sports as a means of resolving their differences. That is why bombs and snipers kill innocent people daily in Belfast; why American bombs can obliterate Vietnam villages, pushing Asian people out of life as if they were sacrificial pawns on a chess board; why Israel has unleashed its reprisal air raids—a bizarre and bloody tribute to its slaughtered weightlifters and wrestlers. Rasmilla Hamse was an Arab mother in Rafid, Lebanon. Now she and her seven children are dead. Bombed. The world will not mourn. Nor will their deaths bring David Berger back.

The so-called civilized world still does not respect life enough to reconsider its current methods of solving its problems. Appropriately, the National Conference of Catholics Bishops has dedicated the first week in October as “Respect Life Week” “to consider some of the contemporary threats to human dignity—abortion, war, violence, hunger and poverty.” But its handsome handbook on the issues has not one word on prison reform, not a word on terrorism. Nor does the word “Vietnam” ever appear.



BISHOPS VS. BISHOPS

RIGHT TURN IN LATIN AMERICA

The strong conservative undercurrent of the Latin-American Catholic episcopacy is starting to come to the surface. The immediate victims of this muscle-flexing are the many internationally unknown bishops of small dioceses who are, with determination and innovation, trying to make the church relevant to the local faithful.

One such bishop, Julio Gonzalez Ruiz, has been removed by the Vatican as head of the Diocese of Puno, Peru. Other bishops threatened with removal include Leonidas Proaño of Riobamba, Ecuador; James Charles Burke of Chimbote, Peru; and Jesus Lopez de Lama of Corocoro, Bolivia. The basic “sin” of these prelates has been to take seriously the pledges of the Catholic Church to unite itself with the poor and suffering—pledges which have been publicly subscribed to by many of the hierarchical elite who are now comfortably watching their episcopal brothers under fire.

Since the Second Latin-American Episcopal Conference held at Medellin, Colombia in September, 1968, the Catholic bishops of this region have had an inter-

national reputation as progressives dedicated to erase the past image of the church as supporter and accomplice of the powerful minorities. A reading of the Medellin documents support this. The documents favor the “liberation” of men from the socio-economic, political, cultural and religious bonds which keep people from realizing their potential.

The documents, however, were the result of a well-organized progressive minority and not a reflection of majority episcopal thinking. The overwhelming majority of bishops are conservatives. But they came to Medellin unprepared and un-oriented. The progressives took the conference seriously and came with working papers, speeches, drafts, theological studies, etc. In the four years since Medellin, many bishops have privately admitted that they did not read the documents they signed, or if they did, they did not understand them.

Things are now changing. Spurred by such news accounts of Marxist priests in Chile, guerrilla priests in Uruguay and rebel priests in Argentina, the conservatives

are uniting. Their numbers plus the support of Vatican officials, especially the apostolic nuncios, give them commanding power.

Bishop Gonzalez was removed from Puno without any official public charges against him. The 43-year-old prelate said he was accused in private of sexual obsession, homosexuality, heresy and incompetence. The sexual obsession charges stem from his habit of publicly hugging and kissing people.

A letter from Cardinal Cicognani, written when he was Vatican Secretary of State, said kissing shows "excessive confidence" and is an "unsupportable method for the apostolate." Bishop Gonzalez, however, knows that kissing is not the real issue. Nor is it his mod clothes, long hair and sideburns.

"It is a battle of mentalities," he asserts. "I think that what has happened to me, happened to David. They sent David to fight and gave him a heavy shield to carry. He protested and asked for permission to throw the shield away. Then he picked up a sling and killed Goliath. My church has sent me to kill the Goliaths of sin, poverty and backwardness. But in this fight a shield has been imposed upon me, and I have tried to take it off. This is my sin."

A similar "battle of mentalities" also affects the other bishops under fire causing many of their supporters to come to their public support before the prelates share the same fate as Bishop Gonzalez. This is the case in Riobamba where the Reflection Group, an organization of progressive priests, has accused the oligarchy and the conservative hierarchy of planning to remove Bishop Proaño by kicking him upstairs to a post in the Latin-American Episcopal Council (CELAM).

Like Puno, Riobamba is inhabited mostly by Indians (2/3 of the population), the majority of whom earn a meager living as landless farm workers. The Indians also face the heavy prejudices of the whites and mestizos (mixed blood) inhabitants of the city.

"Sociological studies on Ecuador describe the social situation as a pyramid of domination and dependence. On the top is the 4 percent of the population formed by the families who enjoy all the privileges and have all the powers. The hierarchical church is considered an ally of the privileged classes. The middle-class constitutes 20 percent of the population. The base of the pyramid is formed by the 76 percent who live in subhuman conditions," said the Reflection Group protest statement.

It is Bishop Proaño's attempts to alleviate the "sub-human conditions" that are getting him into trouble. Before his arrival in Riobamba in 1954, the church was serving less than 1/5th of the people, leaving the poor Indians to fend for themselves. The affluent were used to having a bishop as an ornament for special events and parties.

In the diocese, about 78.7 percent of the population live off farming, yet only 7 percent of the farm population

own land. The laborers (Indians) earn about 40¢ a day.

One concrete gesture by Bishop Proaño, 62, was to apply the agrarian reform law to church lands, making Riobamba the first diocese in Ecuador to do this. He also developed radio schools which have taught reading and writing to over 13,000 Indian adults, invited religious orders to enter the diocese specifically to work with Indians, developed institutes for the education of Indian leaders and founded the Center for Studies and Social Action (CEAS). Since 1957 CEAS has organized 25 cooperatives and is engaged in social action programs in 33 Indian communities. All this has antagonized the Riobamba elite who were used to Catholic action programs as being nothing more than a meeting ground to plan their social events.

"What bothers them (the oligarchy) is the attention given to the formation of the Indian. When I say that our first obligation is the formation of man, they cannot understand this phrase. They have a materialistic mentality which would have the bishop build houses and churches. But they do not want to see a bishop who forms men to think for themselves, to become aware of their situation and to grow like men," explained Bishop Proaño.

Although Pablo Cardinal Muñoz Vega of Quito has publicly denied any attempts to remove Bishop Proaño, the Riobamba priests are skeptical. They have the example of Bishop Gonzalez and each day they read about more bishops getting into trouble for trying to apply Medellín.

"I think that when the time comes for action, we hesitate. We doubt. We need more spirit, more daring to risk renovating experiences and attitudes," said Bishop Proaño in criticizing the lethargy of the Latin American hierarchy.

The current scene indicates that the bishops go beyond lacking initiative. They are also ready to squelch anyone committing the church to the concrete problems of the faithful.

AGOSTINO BONO

(*Agostino Bono, a previous contributor, is an editor for Latinamerica Press, Lima, Peru.*)

COMING

ED MARCINIAK writes about Catholic parents and decision-making in the parochial school:

"As religious institutions, Catholic schools are long overdue for a remodeling. The furniture of responsibility—within the church and the school—is currently being rearranged. New relationships, for example, are needed between the parish and its school. Who governs? Who controls? To whom does the school belong? The riddle of power has yet to be resolved."

BUSING WON'T ALWAYS WORK

MICHAEL NOVAK

FACED WITH a political proposal, it is always a good practice to ask each party: "What's in it for you?" Recently, the question of busing for purposes of racial balance has begun to be used as a loyalty test, like anti-Communism in the 1950s. People have no patience for complexity or practical details. They ask: "Are you for it or against it?"

But busing is not an ideological issue. It is a practical issue. As the Democratic platform says: busing is "one instrument of racial integration." The questions are instrumental. When is busing a *good* instrument of integration? Under what conditions will it work?

Who benefits by busing? Obviously the reason for busing in Northern cities is that schools in black neighborhoods are inferior schools and no amount of money alone—even in the rare cases where large sums have been expended—seems to improve them. The chief reason for busing, then, is to give blacks an equal opportunity to attend better schools.

Educated liberals *lose nothing* by busing. For their home traditions and family practices provide their children with many books, travel, and educational experiences. As the parents have been educationally successful, so also are the children likely to be, whatever the kind of school they may be attending. What educated liberals gain by busing is a sense of moral rightness, at no cost.

Lower-middle-class whites, however, have very little if anything to gain by busing. Their schools, as Peter Binzen shows for Philadelphia in *Whitetown, U.S.A.*, are marginal at best, hardly a cut above the schools of the black ghetto. This is especially true in old ethnic neighborhoods in the inner city. Children often lack intellectual encouragement, and even if they receive some at home (economy-

cally motivated perhaps) they are not likely to be encouraged by their teachers or advisers in the schools. They are led to think that they are, like their parents, destined to be pipefitters, steelworkers, mothers and waitresses for the rest of their lives.

The history of lower-class ethnic groups in America is in good measure a struggle to move into a "better" neighborhood—central to which is a school of higher educational status. Education is perceived as the way "out"—the way to freedom, mobility, advancement. And the way *out of* the awful terrors of the mines, the mills and the factories.

Since 1945, millions of blacks have moved northward from the South. Robert Coles describes the psychological rigors of this vast migration in *The South Moves North*. From a largely agrarian culture, where many had never seen a paved street for blacks, or doors with doorknobs, or houses with steps, or houses—for blacks—with indoor plumbing, Southern blacks encountered a cold, hostile, industrial culture they had not known before. To the cultural shock experienced by all immigrants from agrarian cultures to America's industrial cities were added two extra handicaps: blackness and chronic unemployment.

When the immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe streamed into Northern cities (1880-1924), labor was normally in undersupply. It was the availability of jobs that brought most immigrants—often reluctantly—into America in the first place. But in the past 30 years, jobs have been in short supply. The immigrants could find steady jobs and gradually, with great effort, climb from poverty. Today, for white and black, but especially for unskilled migrants with only non-industrial experience, steady jobs are all too few. Blacks are more

trapped than the immigrants were.

Still, millions of the descendants of the immigrants were penalized in their attempts to escape from poverty or near-poverty. The first generation ready to go to college was decimated by the Depression. Then came the World War. Then many who went into the fields of aerospace and electronics—the fields of the future, they were assured—have been hit extremely hard by recessions in those industries. And millions did not have the chance to go to college at all, or even to go to good grammar schools or high schools. Many are still looking—in vain—for "quality education."

The ancestors of these immigrants were not responsible for slavery or its evils. Now they feel that *they* are being asked by the affluent and the educated to pay the whole price of slavery. Blacks are at last being given equal opportunity—but no one else is bearing the cost: in neighborhoods, in jobs, in places in schools. Any resistance to this fundamentally unfair state of affairs is branded "racism." This is the emotional background of the busing issue, at least as it affects urban ethnics.

Add one more ingredient. When the immigrants arrived in the Northern cities, their gestures were mocked, their accents ridiculed, their languages deemed strange and inferior, their emotional habits and cultural practices derided as "un-American" and backward. In the public and (often) parochial schools they were neither encouraged nor allowed to maintain their own languages, self-identity or cultural identification. They were expected to identify with American heroes, events, poems, plays, literature, politics. There were no classes in "Polish" studies or "Italian" studies, or even "Celtic" studies. Their ways were not imitated by the edu-

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POLITICS AND THE PRIEST

PETER J. HENRIOT

Political responsibility is social concern and involvement taken seriously

This fall, more American priests will be involved in politics than ever before. Depending on how you view the priesthood—and how you view politics—you will find that observation heartening or disturbing. Frankly, I find it heartening. It reveals to me that political responsibility is being taken as a priestly responsibility.

I am aware that my sanguine view is not universally held. Earlier this year, Cardinal Krol, President of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, expressed strong disapproval of priests' being active candidates for political office in this country. More recently, Dan Berrigan (*Commonweal*, July 14, 1972) commented that the freedom needed to announce the Gospel should preclude priests' involvement in electoral politics.

Because I run the risk of incurring the wrath of both Cardinal Krol and Dan Berrigan, let me explain at the outset what I mean by political responsibility. I take it to encompass all the efforts to affect public policy, to speak to the issues of public values, to have an impact on the constitution and operation of the structures of society. Obviously this entails more than simply voting in an election, more than running for an elective office.

The reason for my emphasis that political responsibility should be seen as a priestly responsibility is simple: the day of the specialized "social-action-priest" is gone in our contemporary Church. Action for social justice is not a specialized ministry for a few "hyphen-

ated" priests, but is a defining characteristic of the priesthood itself. Because preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is essential to the meaning of priesthood, then active involvement in the works of social justice is necessarily an essential role of the priest. I take this to be the logical conclusion of the strong statement on "Justice in the World" of last fall's Roman Synod of Bishops:

Action on behalf of justice and participation in the transformation of the world fully appear to us as a constitutive dimension of the preaching of the Gospel, or in other words, of the Church's mission for the redemption of the human race and its liberation from every oppressive situation.

Social action, as a "constitutive dimension," must be present if the Gospel of Jesus is to be preached.

Thus there are not *some* priests who are "social-action-priests"—as if others could be priests, ministers of the Gospel, without being involved in action on behalf of justice and transformation of the world. To be a priest today is to be socially concerned and involved. Political responsibility, however, is social concern and involvement taken seriously. "Taken seriously," precisely because political responsibility is the way to relate effectively and efficiently in the United States to the policies and processes which deal with injustice and poverty.

Let me suggest three models of action which show political responsibility as a priestly responsibility to be a critical need today in the United States.

1. *The priest works to overcome social sin by affecting a political change in social structures*—One of the significantly new theological elements in the "Justice in the World" document of the Synod is its emphasis upon

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"social sin." The meaning and implications of social sin have never before been so clearly explicated in an authoritative Roman document.

To be honest, the concept of social sin is something traditional moral theology and pastoral instruction have not prepared Catholics—laity and clergy alike—to understand and accept. We still tend to see sin strictly in interpersonal terms, and our consciences are trained to a sensitivity to personal offenses. The "religious" person in our society is often equated with the "morally upright" person—but individual morality is what we consider, not *social* morality. When we say that "Charlie Brown is very religious," we may immediately consider him pious, honest, chaste, kind, humble. But do we also consider him just, concerned about world poverty, opposed to racial and sexual discrimination, committed to a non-consumption-oriented society? Sunday observance, the church's rules on sex and marriage, charity within a family: these precepts have a profound conscience influence on Catholics. Yet how often do priests hear people in confession accuse themselves of social prejudice, or of possessing too much of the world's goods, or failing to support prison reforms or more equitable tax systems?

Interpersonal relationships, especially in this day of heightened personalism, are exceedingly important. But we need to recognize that in our modern society, a large percentage of these personal relations occur within a societal framework of interlocking structures and institutions which determine the sum and scope of our freedom. To ignore the influence of structures and institutions, and to focus exclusively upon interpersonal relationships, is to distort man's contemporary existence.

Where social structures (a) oppress human dignity and stifle freedom, (b) maintain situations of gross inequality, or (c) facilitate individual selfishness, these structures themselves are not only unjust but also truly can be called *sinful*. They are sinful in the classic biblical sense of "iniquity." Our refusal to change such structures when we can becomes the serious social sin of acquiescence in evil. The Synod document speaks clearly of "the present-day situation of the world, marked as it is by the grave sin of injustice," and calls for a serious renewal of heart, "based on the recognition of sin in its individual and social manifestations." Moreover, the Synod urges an emphasis in the sacramental practice of penance on "the social dimension of sin."

Examples of the structural injustice referred to as social sin can be found in many aspects of American society today. A public welfare system which degrades recipients is a structure which violates human dignity. Tax legislation which bears hardest on lower- and middle-income families while providing loopholes for some upper-income brackets is a structure which promotes inequality. A system of high tariffs on goods imported from developing countries is a structure which

facilitates American citizens' affluent selfishness at the expense of the poor of the world. We would refer to personal action which violates human dignity, promotes inequality, and facilitates selfishness, as profoundly sinful. But the action of unjust structures and institutions can be even more effective in bringing about these consequences. We must similarly refer to the action of these structures and institutions as sinful.

The effort to change the structures of social sin is integrally part of the task emphasized by the Synod: "The mission of preaching the Gospel dictates at the present time that we should dedicate ourselves to the liberation of man even in his present existence in this world." Liberation from sin is a uniquely priestly task, mediating the saving power of Jesus Christ. But what the Synod had made clear is that this saving power is to be expected to also touch the sinful structures of society.

We know, of course, that social structures are not changed by pious sentiments. Institutions are not moved by purely personal efforts. The *effects* of social injustice may be alleviated by personal actions, but the *causes* of social injustice are eradicated only through political action. For the social sin of systematic, structurally abetted injustices to be overcome, political change has to be effected. Thus the priestly responsibility to struggle with sin becomes a political responsibility to change social structures. The priest who organizes his parishioners to lobby for reform of the welfare laws, who applies pressure on real estate dealers who are promoting segregation, who campaigns against a racist candidate or for a peace candidate, or, yes, runs for Congress on a platform to end the war and increase foreign aid—such a priest, in being political, is being priestly.

2. *The priest serves as an advocate of conscience by taking the side of the poor and the powerless in political controversies.*—If the priest enters into political controversies, how partisan should he become? Should he speak out in favor of a particular political program, or take a definite side in a controversy over a specific solution to a social problem? This sort of question arises immediately in any discussion of political responsibility. If we are honest, we have to admit that the question is frequently used to discourage identification of the priest with any concrete issue of the day. Let the priest talk in generalities—peace, justice, motherhood, apple pie—but never descend to particulars where real life is lived.

Politically, I believe that the priest has the obligation to become very particular, very concrete. He should do this by taking the side of the poor and the powerless and working in support of their position. The Synod document on justice reminds us that in his preaching Jesus proclaimed "the intervention of God's justice

on behalf of the needy and the oppressed (Luke 6:21-23)." That such intervention makes good sense in contemporary social controversies is evident in an analysis of the American political process.

In entering any political dispute, there are basically two roles which a third party can play, the role of *arbitrator* and the role of *advocate*. The arbitrator enters the dispute neutrally, and takes account of all of the evidence for each side. After weighing the various facts and arguments, the arbitrator decides which side has the better case, and then supports that particular side. The advocate, on the other hand, does not enter a dispute from a purely neutral position. His aim is not to reach a measured decision about which side has the better case, "all things considered." Rather, he speaks forthrightly for one side, and lets the political process determine the outcome.

In the United States today, because of the obvious asymmetrical power relationships between contending parties for social change, the political process is not a perfectly balanced, completely neutral operation. By its very nature and by the instrumentalities it employs, the process favors the rich, those who have access to communications, research, and lobbying pressure. The



recent flap over the ITT case brings this point home to us dramatically, as do the various efforts to reform Congressional procedures and political party arrangements.

For this reason, the priest should not hesitate to enter political controversies, as an advocate on the side of the poor and powerless—those least able to make the political system work for themselves and their causes. Again, this stance toward action received encouragement from the Synod: "Our action is to be directed above all at those men and nations which because of various forms of oppression and because of the present character of our society are silent, indeed voiceless, victims of injustice." The welfare mother, the Chicano migrant worker, the young black student, the elderly, the tax-burdened blue-collar worker, the American Indian, the unemployed father of a family, and the peoples of the developing nations: these are people whose cause needs visibility and support. Perhaps their case may not be the best in a particular instance of controversy, and justice may not lie entirely on their

side of a specific issue. But the political process of itself will never allow such a conclusion to be reached openly and fairly—let alone a conclusion which does indeed find justice on their side—if the poor and the powerless have only their own resources to speak for them.

Here is where the Christian community can play a key role, as an advocate of conscience, as a voice for the voiceless, as a promoter of human values. In controversies over issues such as welfare reform, tax reform, housing legislation, assistance for the elderly and handicapped, there will be a sufficiency of voices which will be heard to argue the merits of the status quo or of programs less oriented to social change for justice—with all of the proper intricacies and nuances carefully delineated. When the priest speaks out specifically as an advocate of conscience, he helps to balance these voices and to put some fairness into the political process. The priestly responsibility here is clearly a political responsibility.

3. *The priest witnesses to new social values by a style of life which has political consequences for himself and for his community.*—A more immediately personal (and hence less comfortable) question to be asked in this discussion of political responsibility is: what is the political significance in the United States of the life style of priests? Note that I am raising the issue of life style not in *ascetical* terms but in *political* terms.

The life style of the priest in this country is of critical political importance both in its symbolic value and in its ability to sensitize the priest himself and his community to the needs of others. The Synod challenged all Christians to an examination of life style, reminding us that the possessions of the Church must never compromise the preaching of the Gospel to the poor, and that "our faith demands of us a certain sparingness" in the use of goods. This theme of sparingness is directed with special emphasis toward the affluent nations of the world: "those who already are rich are bound to accept a less material way of life, with less waste, in order to avoid the destruction of the heritage which they are obliged by absolute justice to share with all other members of the human race." We Americans need especially to hear this message; six percent of the world's population, we consume nearly forty percent of the world's resources. Studies such as the recent Club of Rome's *The Limits to Growth* stress the finite character of our global resources and make the Synod's call for sparingness all the more urgent to be heard.

The priest, as a public person of the Church, is called to take a lead in demonstrating a sparing life style more in accord with the serious crisis in world social justice. Such a life style of "voluntary austerity" would have a twofold political consequence. *First*, the priest would be able to speak authentically to others in affluent America of the need for a sparing life style if he

himself demonstrates such a style. No "credibility gap" would undermine his political stance. *Second*, and even more importantly, the priest himself would be politically sensitive to issues of injustice if he personally experiences a life style which does not identify him with the privileged and powerful of this world. He could more readily develop a solidarity of feeling and outlook with those who suffer injustice and hardship.

Concrete examples will help to make this political point. Surely no priest could expect to speak of racial justice if he belongs to a discriminatory fraternal or social club or uses its facilities. But could he also expect to speak of world poverty and the distribution of wealth if he belongs to an expensive country club or athletic club—even if it is racially integrated? Does the fact that golf is often identified as the "sport of priests," while it is also by and large the "sport of the affluent," say anything about the Synod's clear warning, "It must never happen that the evangelical witness which the Church is required to give becomes ambiguous?" What about the rectories and residences where priests live, their cars, recreation, vacations, privileges and protocol? What would the outsider say in looking at these and then reflecting on the Synod statement, "If . . . the Church appears to be among the rich and the powerful of this world its credibility is diminished." Further, what about the fine restaurants which so frequently cater to clerics? Every city has them—Anthony's Pier 4 in Boston, Forum of the Twelve Caesars in New York, Antoine's in New Orleans, Ernie's in San Francisco. Is there something incongruous in a life style which incorporates regularly patronizing these places while at the same time preaching the Good News to the poor? According to the Synod, "it must be asked whether belonging to the Church places people on a rich island within an ambience of poverty." All of us priests need to ask ourselves honestly whether being servants of the Church has by some unholy logic made us especially privileged.

This examination of life style called for by the Synod, with its emphasis upon "sparingness" and "voluntary austerity" in the midst of an affluent and consumption-oriented society, is obviously not tied to any ascetical ideal or notion of personal holiness. It is a social necessity, a political imperative. The political consequences of such an effort will be evident in the priest and in his community, with a credibility and authenticity marking the priest's political responsibility.

* * *

A variety of objections can be raised to my view of political responsibility as a priestly responsibility. Some may feel, with Dan Berrigan, that electoral politics suffocates the independence of the Gospel and is not a valid priestly vocation. I would answer simply that that is not of necessity the case, and that the richness of priestly existence and witness can manifest

itself in many forms—in Drinans in Congress as well as Berrigans in prison. Furthermore, electoral politics—actually running for office—is clearly not the only way to be politically responsible. To those who feel that what I am pushing for is a "new clericalism," my response is that the priest who is politically active does not usurp the place of the lay person. The priest obviously has no monopoly on political responsibility; nor does he have any excuse for shirking this responsibility.

But doesn't the politically active priest divide the community? This common objection would appear to be the fear behind the strictures of the other document authored by last fall's Roman Synod, "The Ministerial Priesthood." This document encourages priests to "keep a certain distance from any political office or involvement," and gives the instruction:

Leadership or active militancy on behalf of any political party is to be excluded by every priest unless, in concrete and exceptional circumstances, this is truly required by the good of the community, and receives the consent of the bishop after consultation with the priests' council and, if circumstances call for it, with the episcopal conference.

As for the Synod's instruction, I feel it is important for us to realize that these are indeed times of "exceptional circumstances" in this country, and that the encouragement to keep a distance from political involvement must be read in the context of the Vatican's own involvement in the recent Italian elections and the American hierarchy's active involvement in the politics of school aid and abortion legislation.

The fear of division within the community is more serious, and will need to be faced in the concrete process of educating Catholics to accept the fact that a priest's choice of one political option among several does not mean that it is the *only* choice for the Christian community. There will also be times of course when divisiveness is exactly the challenge to be met if the community is to be authentically responsive to the imperatives of the Gospel. Some peace and justice issues will unfortunately divide a community unavoidably.

To those who see a priest's political activity as I have described it as being somehow too unspiritual or lacking in emphasis upon the sacramental character of priesthood, I say read again my remarks. I presume that the priest who exercises a political role according to the three models I have suggested will of necessity be a person of serious prayer and a joyful minister of the Word. Those priests who have deeply struggled with social sin, taken the side of the poor and the powerless, or adopted a more austere life style, know best the truth of my presumption. In the United States today, political responsibility as a priestly responsibility is integral to that mandate to "go forth and preach the Gospel," for it is directly "action for justice and participation in the transformation of the World."

'72 + 20,000 COFFINS

HERBERT MITGANG

Vietnam remains the touchstone and the difference

Amagansett, N.Y.

If the American war in and over four countries in Indochina were to end tomorrow, if all the troops were pulled out not 90 days from January 20 but by November 7, the moral parameters of Vietnam would still be *the* issue on Election Day. Whether Vietnam is defined metaphysically as a matter of trust, honor and credibility, or militarily as a matter of draft, B-52's and prisoners, it remains the touchstone and difference between President Nixon and Senator McGovern.

This is a point little understood by those who stress that Nixon has wound down the war instead of leaving it, but the old, old issue refuses to die. The long lead that Nixon enjoys at this moment has, in fact, caused a new development: it has enabled him to return to the rhetoric and express his long-held pre-'68 views that Vietnam is a two-front war to be fought against the enemy abroad and the Vietniks (remember?) at home. The American party, and the crowning of Goldwater and Reagan as princes of the realm, push Nixon to move to his right again without conciliating peace voters.

Here is where the McGovern forces can counterattack from the high ground. A decade of war by those who began the climb to the top of the Democratic party despite being ridiculed as Vietniks, peaceniks, doves and finally traitors, is the binding cement that crosses color and age and sex lines and holds together the faithful in the McGovern camp.

This is as visible in a village in once Republican-dominated Suffolk County as it is in university-centered towns around the United States. It is more than the McGovern bumper stickers and remarkably successful fund-raising drives by the sons and daughters of potato farmers and commercial fishermen blending efforts with summer people from metropolitan New York. It is, too, the visible absence of rancor against the antiwar advocates that contrasts with the "kooks" attitude of four years ago; the Birchers on Long Island had once used Vietnam as their rallying cry but have since gone back into the woodwork with the real termites.

"Something New in the Air" reads the headline over

the lead editorial in the *East Hampton Star*, whose editor came out for Senator McGovern when it was still unpopular to do so. The reference is not only to the new attitudes toward ecology, architecture and environment but to the newly informed awareness about life styles and central concerns in the United States. The official newspaper of this town and village does not have to render obeisance to traditional Republican, Joe Sixpack, Marlboro Country. It is possible for independent voters as well as independent papers to follow their own stars—to link the cost of the Indochina War to everyday small-town concerns. The more the McGovern campaign emphasizes that the cost of making B-52 holes in the Vietnam landscape is one reason why local school taxes are high—that federal aid for educational purposes is falling out of bomb bays in Asia—the more votes will accrue against the Commander-in-Chief in Washington.

Making this link is a principal challenge for McGovern workers on the national and local level, regardless of the war's outcome, for the Administration's defense budget goes beyond the needs of Vietnam. At the eastern end of Long Island, the McCarthy Democrats did not take over the party machinery when the war dominated all else; the McGovern Democrats are now pretty much in control. Interestingly, in many cases the McCarthy Democrats and McGovern Democrats are the same people—plus four years of despair and distrust of the Nixon Administration's physical and financial expansion of the Indochina war. But in '72 a much greater effort is being made organizationally at the town level to relate the war issue to domestic denials.

The dramatization of this two-act play—ending the drain of war and increased peacetime defense budgets and then turning Administration talent and resources to benefit the real and concealed poor of every class and estate—was outlined by Senator McGovern in his Florida acceptance speech. It happened to be delivered on Bastille Day but was no more revolutionary than Franklin Roosevelt's frontal attack on the Depression. The difference between '32 and '72 is the Vietnam war that has made every American morally impoverished. Speaking as bluntly as a Herblock cartoon, Senator McGovern underlined the difference between running a war and exposing it in an unforgettable, even courageous, line: "Americans voted to bring our sons home

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from Vietnam in peace—and since then, 20,000 have come home in coffins.”

Before this plain fact, all other controversial plans offered by Senator McGovern appear diminished in importance. The means of attaining a fair tax system, of determining the right rate of nuclear overkill for the Pentagon, of creating justice and jobs for the scorned third-world citizens within the United States, can be modified. But the casualties abroad and the feelings of helplessness caused by the application of warfare—lasers, sensors, TV-guided missiles and computer-ordered “smart” bombs—cannot be forgotten. No trips to Peking, Moscow or the moon can give mobility back to the thousands of paraplegics in the Veterans Administration hospitals or restore the scarred bodies and minds of Asians unseen and unknown.

There are no smalltowns, USA, when it comes to knowledge of the effects of the Vietnam war. The photograph of the little girl screaming naked through the streets after a South Vietnamese Skyraider erroneously hit her with napalm was seen in newspapers read from

Amagansett to Mitchell, S.D., where George McGovern comes from. And everybody could ponder the question raised in the *Life Magazine* caption for the picture: “Would you feel any easier had the children been North Vietnamese?”

Twenty-thousand coffins ago President Nixon said that those who thought Vietnam would be a political issue would have the rug pulled out from under them in this election. The rug is still there, singed. And the Republicans are actually using the war as an issue themselves. The campaign line enunciated by Johnson-Nixon spokesman John Connally is that Senator McGovern jeopardizes peace negotiations, gives comfort to the enemy, causes Hanoi to fight on to obtain better surrender and dishonor terms. This is the supreme irony—blaming the war’s continuation on Senator McGovern—but it will be orchestrated by Messrs. Nixon, Agnew and the Republicans as negotiations falter. In ’72, the only war the Administration has going for it remains, sadly, the strongest issue of the McGovern campaign across the country.

BOOKS

JOHN LENNON SPEAKING

TODD GITLIN

Threading through the political and culture effusion of the last decade is a history of abdications, of leaders, heroes, and stars refusing to play out their roles which, however productive, popular, or glamorous, they finally felt to be traps. Bob Moses leaving the civil rights movement, Mario Savio leaving the student movement, at what seemed—from the outside—to be the acmes of their political “careers.” Dylan abandoning folk protest music for an electronic blend, for down-home country-western, for. . . . Countless radical “heavies” stepping down from the barricade and the podium—under pressure from the state, media and insurgent women—to search for some other way of being. And John Lennon singing, “I don’t believe in Beatles.”

Not that what I am calling abdication is a monolithic happening; the forms and meanings and outcomes of stepping down differ enormously and should not be blurred into a featureless uniformity. Dylan becomes more popular; Lennon, I would imagine, less—

numerically at least. (His new music is not calculated to delight the dreams of teenyboppers.) Moses disappears from the American political scene. Savio retreats, puts in guest appearances in evanescent Berkeley move-

Lennon Remembers The Rolling Stone Interviews

JANN WENNER

Straight Arrow Books, \$4.95

ments, disappears again. Dylan appears unadvertised at George Harrison’s recent Bangladesh concert and sings “A Hard Rain’s Gonna Fall” from 1962. (The rock critics buzz: What Does It Mean?) And Lennon breaks his life open like an egg, in two records now since the demise of the Beatles and in a long interview, originally published in *Rolling Stone* last winter, now available as a book.

Or perhaps abdication is the wrong

word for a process which leads Lennon to display his insides so conspicuously—for learning, not for autopsy—and to spend an hour and a half (with his wife, Yoko Ono) advertising his and her wares on the Dick Cavett Show. A curious and very culture-bound way to recommend his vehement privateness (“Yoko and me, that’s reality”). The god wants to remain divine, yet his new revelations are so dramatically different from the message on which his original divinity rested that it is fair to say that the god is perched in an uncharted limbo. But to make private pains and struggles public, as Lennon has done, is to redefine the popular image of self and to stretch for a more ample scope for a public presence. By expressing his deepest feelings, he says “You can do it too.” Renouncing an outmoded posture of leadership as well-trained performer, Lennon revives the idea of leader as exemplar: that anyone who lives intensely, anyone who occupies a space with stamina and perceptiveness, has something to teach.

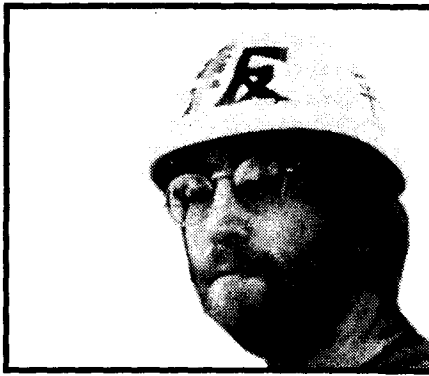
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Down from the plastic mountain, he has a chance to join in a common divinity.

The interview is a remarkable document, a twentieth-century *Pilgrim's Progress*, a confession, a revelation and a rudimentary social analysis on the grand scale. Lennon's point is not simply to expose the Beatles but to expose himself and the social conditions in which the Beatles soared and withered. For a fan magazine like *Rolling Stone*, with its cozy relationship to the commercial rock establishment, to have published the interview is a tribute to Lennon's august position in the rock world, though *Rolling Stone* keeps rolling along purveying the spectacle of instant stardom and the sweet smell of success and decay.

In any event, Lennon speaks to young people who could not ordinarily accept, or even learn of, radical critiques of the youth culture and its corruption. Not only did the Beatles disintegrate, but they were never the sweeties adored by media, living a beatific Charles Reichian romance, gently rocking us toward Elysium. "F - - - n' big bastards, that's what the Beatles were. You have to be a bastard to make it, and that's a fact. And the Beatles are the biggest bastards on earth." Yoko asks, "How did you manage to keep that clean image? It's amazing." John answers: "Because everybody wants the image to carry on. The press around with you, they want you to carry on, because they want the free drinks and the free whores and the fun. Everyone wants to keep on the bandwagon. It's *Satyricon*. We were the Caesars. Who was going to knock us when there's a million pounds to be made."

Lennon's stories of the Beatles' financial deals are difficult to follow yet succeed in conveying the utterly primitive, cutthroat quality of rock capitalism, a system that unites artists, managers, promoters, reporters, hangers-on



and consumers on a treadmill of exploitation as savage as any other business whirl—in fact, more tawdry because less rationalized. The old canard about the trap of fame, like many other old canards, is true, and Lennon gives it fresh life: "I came out of the f - - - n' sticks to take over the world, it seemed to me. I was enjoying it, and I was trapped in it, too. I couldn't do anything about it, I was just going along for the ride. I was hooked, just like a junkie."

And most poignantly and necessarily, Lennon deflates the myth of the automatically redeeming Woodstock culture. Lennon's point of view is anchored in his working-class origins, which he so powerfully reckons with in "Working Class Hero." "The people who are in control and in power and the class system and the whole bullshit bourgeois scene is exactly the same except that there is a lot of middle-class kids with long hair walking around London in trendy clothes, and Kenneth Tynan's making a fortune out of the word 'f - - -'. . . The exact same bastards are in control, the same people are runnin' everything, it's exactly the same. They hyped the kids and the generation. . . They're doing exactly the same things, selling arms to South Africa, killing blacks on the street, people are living in f - - - g poverty with rats crawling over them, it's the same. . . ." "I really thought that love would save us all. But now I'm wearing a Chairman Mao badge." The interviewer, *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner, whose attitude toward politics is entirely encompassed in a horror of "violent revolution," pushes no further. Lennon was not wearing his Chairman

Mao badge on the Dick Cavett Show, and what he means by his political statement is left obscure.

Throughout, in fact, Wenner is a poor and frustrating interviewer with a short attention span, no capacity to probe deeply, and no ear for fascinating contradictions. When Lennon is talking about his songs, Wenner interrupts to ask about business arrangements involving promoters we are supposed to know about by their very names. When Lennon dives into these business arrangements, Wenner fails to push Lennon to generalize about the rock industry. When Lennon talks about his personal pain, Wenner bounces in to ask "What is the difference between George Martin and Phil Spector [two producers]?" Finally the interview is stunning despite the interviewer, because Lennon was ready to spill the beans.

What is most powerful in the interview, and in the *John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band* album, is Lennon's insistence on baring himself, warts first. Trapped in very contemporary contradictions, he refuses to pat them smooth, and therefore offers great insight into the mentality of the prevailing type of culture-hero. "I resent performing for f - - - g idiots who don't know anything. They can't feel; I'm the one that's feeling, because I'm the one expressing." "People have got to be hyped in a way. . . . If I can capture more sales by singing about love than singing about my mother, I'll do it. . . . I'm opening a door for John Lennon, not for music, or for the Beatles or for a movement or for anything." "I think [Paul McCartney's] capable of great work, I think he will do it. I wish he wouldn't, you know. I wish nobody would, Dylan or anybody. In me heart of hearts I wish I was the only one in the world. . . ." He is competing with Shakespeare, he says.

His egomania is repulsive; it is a brag, an identity and a mystique. Because he has lost interest in dissembling, Lennon vividly reveals the wound in the heart of the rock culture, the fatal fascination of rock stars with their power and the spectators' passivity. Un-

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able or unwilling to transcend his massive power-lust, he still succeeds in reminding the rest of us how our own frustrated power-lusts are lurking, ready to booby-trap the most benign projects: a curious service and a necessary one. If we are to find rebirth, if we are to outgrow our pasts, we have first to acknowledge the force of that past, the grim authority of our socially-conditioned passions. Lennon is willing to serve as object-lesson, that we may face up to our pathologies as a first step toward mastering them, though it is painful to witness how closely he clutches his ego opiate. The working class hero still doesn't know where he belongs—except with Yoko, and in the limelight.

In the far-gone summer of 1967, in the desperate and joyous season of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, a friend and I were playing at inventing hypothetical titles for the history of the radical student movement. One of them was "From Lenin to Lennon," signifying, of course, the transition in style from the self-sacrificial Bolshevik virtues to the inward hedonism implied by drugs, and, politically, the shift from emphasis on the blacks, the poor, the working class to the freaks themselves as primary agency of change. (Even earlier, it was no accident that Berkeley Free Speech Movement veterans turned to "Yellow Submarine" for images of a new political-cultural community aborning.)

Though Lenin enjoyed a brief revival subsequently, the title proved finally prophetic, and the transition ran deeper than the level of strategy. It had to do with the images aging activists had of themselves. Primarily, I think, because of a series of serious defeats and an urgent and overwhelming ambition, numbers of actual and would-be radical cadres found nowhere to go but into themselves: women to discover the commonality of their victimization within the movement itself and within the culture as a whole, and men, more slowly, to scrutinize the bravado, self-righteousness, and *machismo* which had not only shielded them from uncomfortable personal

understanding but which had crippled their political work itself.

Whatever this turning inward may signify politically, for better and for worse, it is fiercely present throughout the fragmented youth culture. The new mode of relationship on the campus, in the commune and the political collective, is the heavy encounter in which it becomes possible, even obligatory, to confess and "get into" one's fear, pain, instability. Miraculously and perhaps not so coincidentally, we now once more intersect with John Lennon, and find ourselves, if not Lennonists, perhaps Marxist-Lennonists or at least fellow travelers. The lovely and convoluted Beatles lilt has melted down into an elemental music and a primitive anchor for reality. "God is a concept by which we measure our pain": after a long way around we are back to Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky's Underground Man.

But with a decisive difference, one hopes. For one thing, Lennon remains a Utopian ("Imagine"), though his imagery is rather thin. (To be fair, there is not much Utopian imagery around with any more density.) The more important difference is that Lennon has a grasp of some of the sources of his anguish in the particulars of his experience: his family, his working-class roots, and the Beatles' juggernaut enterprise. In this sense, his pain is pointed, not cosmic; it has a target. But the question rears up: can it be both felt and transcended?

Now the resourceful Lennon does not seem to know where to go; who does? On his second solo album (in "How Do You Sleep At Night?"), as in *Lennon Remembers*, he deposits a vast animus on his rival Paul McCartney, buckling under the social pressure to fix blame on a wicked individual, forgetting his own more astute analysis of the Beatles as a contradictory and doomed social institution within an exploiting culture. Before the expanse bounded by social analysis and self-knowledge lies the pitfall of bitterness and vindictiveness; Lennon is looking for a way around, and the outcome is in doubt.

What sustains him in this terrible and lonely quest is his wife and his unflagging ego. Believing in his genius and artistry, he continues to set himself off from mere mortals at the same time he has discovered his humanity: an unresolved tension. But at times his artistry degenerates—in accordance with the social role that enfolds someone of his ego-intensity—into mere celebrity, in which he continues to be many things to many interviewers as long as the performance promises new fans. Even the *Rolling Stone* interview was timed to promote his first solo album. Subsequently interviewed by Robin Blackburn and Tariq Ali of the English *Red Mole* (the exchange was republished by *Ramparts*), Lennon professes his revolutionary aspirations. Interviewed by Dick Cavett, he clownes around, hustles his songs and films (and Yoko's) and says not a word about politics. He has not liberated himself from his conditioning. The dream is over but the mystification lingers on.

But Lennon has another side which sounds just as authentic as his ego-mania. "My life is dedicated to living, just surviving is what it's about, really, from day to day." For myself and many of my friends, "just surviving" is the rockbottom password of this prolonged moment. Hardly anyone feels like being an oracle or a leader, hardly anyone knows how to proceed. "And so good friends, you'll just have to carry on." In a time of confusion and impasse, Lennon's openness offers a model for *part* of a way of being in the world. We are trying to push *through* pain, having discovered it is impossible to skirt. The interview should be read synched to Lennon's records, and seen as a place to move through.

To what? To raw individuality and hopefully, hopefully, into a fresh and deeper discovery of commonality, a revival of hope which does not blink our anguish but heals it. To a new dream, stripped of innocence, grounded in affirmation of self and commitment to others, each presupposing the other. To a dream that is not built on a lust

for cultural and political empire, but is anchored in absolute honesty and a sense of our limits as well as possibilities. To a struggle to know the authenticity of feelings and at the same time to struggle for their transcendence in the world.

It would be naive to expect Lennon to lead us further, but we can thank him for ringing down the curtain on some of the myths in which we snuggled away from cruel reality. As Andrew Kopkind wrote in *Ramparts*, "the value of his personal depositions is

not in the promulgation of a 'correct line,' but in the presentation of a real personal and public struggle to be free. . . ." The testimony of process and the feeling of hard work are inspiring, sad and directly useful. I would like to think that John Lennon, man not virulent ego, will be with us lesser mortals if we succeed in making a map for a continuation of the long march through the swamp where we now make camp and defend ourselves against the night; that somehow as we carry on we may find a way to carry on together.

Jesus and the Politics of Violence

GEORGE R. EDWARDS

Harper & Row, \$5.95

The Radical Bible

Ed. JOHN EAGLESON
and PHILIP SCHARPER

Orbis, \$3.95, \$1.95 (paper)

JOHN L. MCKENZIE

I approach this review with feelings not unlike those, I imagine, with which the late General George Custer formed his Seventh Cavalry into a defensive square at the Little Big Horn. We are going to lose the battle, but we will win the war. The battle is the question whether Jesus was and is a revolutionary. The war concerns the basic identity of Jesus, and confidence in victory is based on the assurance that not even the church, much less a large number of its members, can ever destroy this true identity. It can be effectively concealed for a long time.

Recently I wrote somewhere in another connection that those who wish to burn witches are compelled to prove that God is a witch-burner. The statement, of course, has unlimited applications. The same principle is valid for those who wish to be Crusaders, who wish to be wealthy, who wish to have power over others, or who wish to indulge with a good conscience in any of the seven capital vices. Christians have to get right with Jesus as the American politician has to get right with Abraham Lincoln. I have been aware for some

time that an increasing number of people cannot be happy revolutionaries unless they can convince themselves that Jesus is a revolutionary. If it is true that Spanish revolutionaries in the 1930s turned their machine guns on images of the Sacred Heart, they had a better understanding of the attitude of Jesus towards revolutions than our contemporaries. What makes me feel like Custer is that our contemporaries are going to make their point, and that they will distort the image of Jesus as much as the Crusades did. They will, as I said, lose the war, but let us not take excessive comfort in this. The church has not yet purged itself of the Crusader mentality, and the 900th anniversary of the First Crusade will occur before the end of this century. It could be a sign of some progress that I have heard of no plans to celebrate it. It could be a sign of regress that Christian revolutionaries want to reenact it.

The editors of *The Radical Bible* have collected a number of texts which express the sympathy of the Bible with the poor and oppressed and its hos-

tility towards the oppressors. The texts are joined with contemporary statements on the same theme from various sources. This is an easy task. The teaching of Jesus is so clear and uncompromising about poverty and wealth as compared, for instance, with his teaching about birth control and abortion, that one is constantly amazed at the dexterity of the official teachers of the church in finding other emphases than Jesus himself. What I do not find in *The Radical Bible* are texts concerning non-resistance to evil—which is broader than non-violence. This teaching is as radical, surely, as anything else; nothing is more conventional and conservative than violence, the oldest and often the most successful means of settling personal and social differences. I pick these words carefully in preference to phrases such as the establishment of peace, justice and order. The Spanish government, through a generous use of legal violence, preserved peace and order in Latin America for three hundred years better than it has been preserved since Bolivar. It does not enjoy an awfully good reputation as an agent of justice; neither do its successor states, all children of revolution—that is, of violence. Now, it seems, there is no hope of escaping the successors except more violence. Apart from Christian teaching, may I remark that this is where I came in? I say to my fellow Christian revolutionaries that I trust no one with violence, not even you.

We have heard that non-violence does not work; and one is tempted to remark that it has not been tried since the Roman Empire, in which possibly it did work. Violence, of course, does work; that is why I am against it. I am not sure that Jesus ever promised that non-violence would "work," whatever that may mean. Possibly he meant that a community of love cannot be produced by the works of hatred. He spoke to the wealthy as well as to the poor, and he showed them the way of salvation. They have not as a class followed it, and their pastors have not led them to a headlong rush towards renunciation. The poor have not rushed

that way either. Jesus wished to save all men, rich and poor, not to kill them. As George Edwards says in *Jesus and the Politics of Violence*, the image of Jesus with the machine gun does not come off well. I am worried that the revolutionaries show no concern for the salvation of the rich and the oppressors; they are the Moslems of the new crusade. I see deep concern for their impoverishment or liquidation. I see more concern for the enrichment of the poor than for their growth in charity. Love, apparently, can arise only from a basis of economic security, and morality is a bourgeois luxury. I believe it was Mr. Alfred Doolittle who said it was beyond his means.

Edwards' book is a response to the works of S. G. F. Brandon, who has maintained with all the apparatus of scholarship that Jesus was a Zealot. The Zealots, for those who are not professional students of ancient history, were in Palestine of the first century something of what the Stern Gang and the Irgun Zvai Leumi were in Palestine of 1948—terrorists. I reviewed two of Brandon's books myself, and I was forced to conclude that in spite of the apparatus of scholarship his work is basically fictional, and hardly to be taken more seriously than the fakery of *The Passover Plot* or the phallic mushroom. Fiction outsells non-fiction; I remember reading that *The Passover Plot* sold 250,000 copies, an enormous sale for anything which is not hardcore pornography. Brandon might have rivaled this if he had left out the footnotes. Jesus sells almost as well as sex, as long as it is not the real Jesus. Edwards demolishes Brandon with cool competence; how many people will he reach?

The demolition of Brandon, worthwhile as the project is, does not answer all the questions the revolutionaries raise. One needs a positive treatment of the teaching of Jesus in relation to contemporary problems. Edwards begins this; I do not say "begins" to be patronizing, but in recognition of the fact that what he does is a part of what ought to be the major effort of the Christian ministry and is not. He

recalls the theology of the cross as the true key to the person and the mission of Jesus and to the interpretation of the Gospels. His confrontation of the theology of the cross with the ethics of the just war (and now the just revolution) is brief but searing, and embarrassing to some well known theological personages. He is too polite—but I am not—to say that if one wishes to leave room for the just war and the just revolution one can do nothing with the theology of the cross except throw it away. We say to you rich, go to, it is your wealth we want to share, not your love. And if we cannot use the theology of the cross, what do we need Jesus for? If he is a revolutionary, it is hard to think of a revolutionary who did not have superior technique.

It is necessary to insist that a plea for non-violence—or worse, for non-resistance to evil—is not a plea for the maintenance of the establishment, nor even a preference for the devil we know to the devil we do not know. I think we know both devils. It is easy to be angry with a church which seems to be the chaplain of oppression; it is easy to forget those churchmen who proclaim neither the establishment nor the revolution, but the Gospel. There are a few such in Chicago, where I live. I am sure there are others elsewhere. There ought to be more, and there will be more if enough people want them; but they are not encouraged by those ardent lovers of the poor who tell them they are wasting their time, they ought to get out there with Jesus and the baseball bats.

Leaf Storm and Other Stories

GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ

Translated by GREGORY RABASSA

Harper & Row, \$6.50

RONALD CHRIST

A vast and miraculous bazaar of the bizarre—that's how *One Hundred Years of Solitude* looked when it appeared here in 1970; and so powerfully did

García Márquez' fantastic wares appeal to readers that the book even entered the lists of the best sellers briefly—an almost unheard of event for Latin American fiction. (Despite its recently demonstrated bravado.) True enough, some thought García Márquez only the proprietor of a sprawling thieves' market, but they were mostly readers ignorant of his sophisticated pack-ratting or writers (including one ignoble Nobel novelist) envious of the writers García Márquez had borrowed from.

Now, unintentionally, but no less appropriately, imitating the cyclical notion of time in that novel—bringing corpses into life, past into present—*now* comes *Leaf Storm*, whose title story, written some ten years before the Argentine publication of *One Hundred Years*, seems to demonstrate that, yes, history is repetitive, that it is, as the novelist says, a machine "that would have gone on spinning into eternity were it not for the progressive and irremediable wearing of the axle." For, in comparison to the prodigious foreign market of the anachronistically previous novel, this collection of stories seems a mere curiosity shop. No matter whether you're considering "Nabo, the Black Man Who Made the Angels Wait," dating from 1951 (and varying Borges' "The Secret Miracle"), or "The Last Voyage of the Ghost Ship," dating from 1968, the author is, to adjust one story's title, still "García Márquez the Good, Vendor of Miracles," only now what he's proffering are—in the narrator's own words—mostly "consolation miracles."

We are again (still) in Macondo and there are still (again) the magical realities: "a woman who was so tender that she could pass through walls just by sighing," "a secret tavern where they sold roast fillets of Brazilian women," a priest whose "sermons aren't based on the Gospels but on the atmospheric predictions in the Bristol Almanac." And I suppose these minor wonders will carry the book, especially since they chiefly occur in five stories that might all be called tales for children as, in fact, two are: "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World" and "A

Very Old Man with Enormous Wings.” (The point being, of course, that these are tall tales to children—to the child in all of us—heralding, I hope, a return to the more legitimate literature of childhood other centuries and cultures have known. That is to say, these stories, destined to niches in anthology museums, are written to children in the way Mozart and Swift wrote to children: without ever thinking of their audience as inferiors.)

Nevertheless, the title novella *should* carry the book, because “Leaf Storm” is a masterpiece *manqué*: that most interesting kind of achievement where you perceive artistry and dramatic emotion by virtue of their chancy power, their risked and achieved failure (as in the later performances of Callas or, for that matter, of Judy Garland) instead of being blinded to the human accomplishment in executed perfection (as in the drawings of Matisse or, for that matter, of Ernie Bushmiller). To read *One Hundred Years* again is to be subdued by its abundant success; to read “Leaf Storm” again (and again) is to witness the triumphing failure of a young writer, to gradually appreciate Borges’ wisdom in defining the esthetic as the “imminence of a revelation which is not produced,” as a “symbol of something we are about to understand, but never quite do.”

For the dim, *almost* understood sign at the intersection of theme and technique in “Leaf Storm” is a nameless doctor who arrives in Macondo with a letter of reference gaining him entrance to a kindly colonel’s home where he lives for many years in self-created squalor only to leave with the family’s maid and to retreat from medical practice because his patients drift to doctors from the trespassing banana company. Eventually, when there is a political skirmish and wounded men are brought to his door, the reclusive doctor refuses to treat them and thereby antagonizes the whole town which then eagerly awaits his death. Once, however, toward the end of his life, he does perform a medical service—curing the colonel’s injured leg—and in return he asks the colonel to see to his burial; and

it is from this promise that the story arises as the colonel, his daughter and her son subjectively monologize at the doctor’s wake.

A miniature *As I Lay Dying*, then, “Leaf Storm” experiments with interior monologue reflecting the boom and whimper of Macondo before the advent and after the apocalypse of the banana company. These are its main thrust, but both are botched: the technique to be put aside majestically in *One Hundred Years* where the theme itself is more fittingly elaborated. Yet, in the figure of the doctor, García Márquez evokes, almost reveals, a perfect symbol of solitude; he almost manages a stranger stranger than Camus’: a man who eats only grass (“What kind of grass, doctor?” “Ordinary grass, ma’am. The kind that donkeys eat”), who looks like somebody or is “the same person that he looks like,” who “doesn’t know what his life will be from one minute to the next and hasn’t got the least interest in finding out,” who is “a man disturbed by God” (“Believe me, colonel, I’m not an atheist. I get as upset thinking that God exists as thinking that he doesn’t.”). Not in the clumsy metaphysical leaf storm “formed out of the human and material dregs of other towns,” not in picturesque details like this tiny Botero painting: “When we passed by the door we saw the Paloquemado child in his small coffin, his face powdered, a rose in his mouth, and his eyes held open with toothpicks,” but, rather in that “unsheltered gentleman from nowhere” García Márquez comes closest to expressing the solitude he merely names or describes in *One Hundred Years*.

Nobody has much liked “Leaf Storm,” but then few people find treasures in junk shops, and even García Márquez wanted to unload the manuscript by not publishing it. (A few friends, in his absence, got it to the publisher.) But, for the thrifty reader willing to pass up dregs of Faulkner’s method and chaff of social symbolism, there is a real find here; namely, the nearly unknown character of the absolutely unforgettable doctor. You almost have to X-ray the text to find him, but he’s there—an eminently imminent

character, the likes of whom you’ll never find in *One Hundred Years*—which may, after all, be a spinning down to greatness following García Márquez’ rare failing once he set up shop in “Leaf Storm.”

Swords and Plowshares

MAXWELL D. TAYLOR

Norton, \$10

JOHN PHILLIPS

General Taylor, unblinking hawk, propounder of Counterinsurgency and Flexible Response, has given us his memoirs. They are reflections of a man whose courage, intelligence and dedication are not to be belittled; who never in fifty years succumbed to doubt but rose to the peak of his harsh profession without a major setback until 1968 when Lyndon Johnson, as “a sacrifice for the national unity,” forsook his military adviser and quit the Presidency. An old soldier a bit deaf in his “artillery ears,” with an arthritic back and nowhere to go, sat down to write his “conclusions on the capabilities and the limitations of power.” They are a valuable account of the assumptions and modes of thought that got us into Vietnam and they demand a patient reader. The prose is latinate and Pentagonian to the point of excruciation: “In reviewing these lessons of Vietnam, one is bound to be impressed with the fact that we Americans created many of our own problems and thereby contributed to the prolongation of a war which everyone detested.”

The general’s rhetoric gets out of hand in the last half of his labors as he records his seven years in the highest councils of state. He was accepted into that overworld only after he’d resigned as Army Chief of Staff. Frustration while commanding the Eighth Army in the dead end of the Korean War led him to dispute the strategy of Massive Retaliation and the prevailing wisdom of John Foster Dulles, then to friction with President Eisenhower. As a private citizen he published his views on Limited War in

a book that impressed the new President-elect. Meanwhile Taylor had accepted a job as president of—you'd better believe it—the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts. He scarcely conceals his alacrity to accept President Kennedy's invitation to return to Washington and explain what had gone wrong at the Bay of Pigs. After that he was a Presidential Consultant, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Ambassador to Saigon and a Presidential Consultant again; his advice was constantly sought.

Taylor was one of the original hawks who argued for a no-nonsense air attack on Cuba during the missile crisis. His most momentous advice, which Kennedy did not accept and by which Maxwell Taylor enters history, was that we deploy in the guise of a "humanitarian mission" for the relief of flood victims some 8,000 troops to South Vietnam. Later, as Johnson's ambassador, he deplored the assassination of Diem, and American complicity in the coup, as the end of stability in our client state and a prime cause of its interminable woe. Taylor saw himself as a "missionary" to Southeast Asia. "It was an enormous advantage to be a true believer, and I was." Even though "we had made an honest effort to save this little country and had found it incapable of self-defense or self-government," he never dreamed of withdrawal. He could not lead an American anabasis out of a continent where our honor might be redeemed by a number of untried "alternatives." Among these were "the fuller use of our Air Force," the invasion of "sanctuaries" in Cambodia and Laos, the blockade of North Vietnam's ports. Taylor had the scenario in 1964; it is as if all that keeps him from Nixon's side today were time

and an unfortunate past association with Democrats.

Though he contributed his share to them, you wouldn't guess from Taylor's book that the Pentagon Papers existed. Maybe he never read the forlorn memorandum from the Defense Department as Robert McNamara began to see the pitch darkness at the end of the tunnel. His pessimism is oddly elliptical: "Unhappily there were many . . . in key positions who were not true believers. . . ." To critics in Congress and at large in the land, who only give comfort to "the enemy," he isn't so charitable: a "psychotic inclination to self-flagellation" is not the symptom of our disgrace in Vietnam but the cause. Taylor's suggestions for rescuing the country from the errors of *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, "the intelligent sophisticates of the Eastern Establishment" are simply quixotic. He wanted to send out packaged tours of "top-level experts . . . headed by a national figure like Cabot Lodge" to "bring the truth" of "the essential rightness of our policy" to banqueting businessmen and rioting campuses. When the general himself took such a tour to San Francisco, his hotel was invaded by "a motley, bearded crew" calling him a "War Criminal."

He found a remove from the passions of the day in quiet rooms, losing himself in National Security Council Memoranda. Meetings of Senior Interdepartmental Group became an apparatus for self-affirmation and confounding the doves on the Fulbright committee. He truly believed in the Tonkin Gulf incident without knowing that it had ever happened at all. The sacrosanct term, "the national interest," which absolves our every folly, degenerates into mumbo-jumbo as he gropes to define it: "We have many interests abroad which are vulnerable to foreign predators" and "mini-aggressions by weak powers wishing to demonstrate their lack of fear of the American colossus." A new phenomenon, the War of National Liberation, will outlast any détente with Russia or China and assure us Cold War without end.

There is no irony in these forensics,

no sign he is pulling our leg. General Taylor is soberminded and scholarly; from plebe to policymaker, he was never one to play games. He graduated from West Point into the stagnant Army of the Twenties where officers still wore puttees and promotions were slow. But MacArthur had his eye on the young lieutenant and sent him to the Command and General Staff School. Then the War College, language training, posts in Japan and under Stilwell in China and from hard competition Taylor emerged with Clark, Bedell Smith, Ridgway in the generation of World War II brass. As commander of the 101st Airborne Division in Europe he was sad to say goodbye to "those gallant soldiers, their ribbons and streamers recalling our battles together. They had put stars on my shoulders and medals on my chest. I owed my future to them. . . ."

If he never got over it, if his clock stopped there, Taylor is not to blame. It would need a giant to cast off a lifetime's stars and ribbons and come to grips with the civilians' world in its fecklessness. Taylor's bewilderment before our perverse and inglorious response to the control of our destiny by an authority he takes to be beyond from what we are thinking down here in the ranks, is the lesson of these memoirs. In France after Germany surrendered, he exhorted his men to follow him on to Japan. "We've licked the best that Hitler had. . . . Now where do we want to go?" The ranks bellowed back "Home!" He confesses that they laughed at their "discomfited commander." Twenty-seven years have passed and the commander is more discomfited than ever.



Michael Novak (Cont.)

cated young, nor were concessions made to their cultural identity, political or otherwise.

Having accepted Americanization as a necessity of emotional survival, and having learned tacitly the American patterns of status, class and economic advancement—like the Kennedys sending their children to Harvard and other



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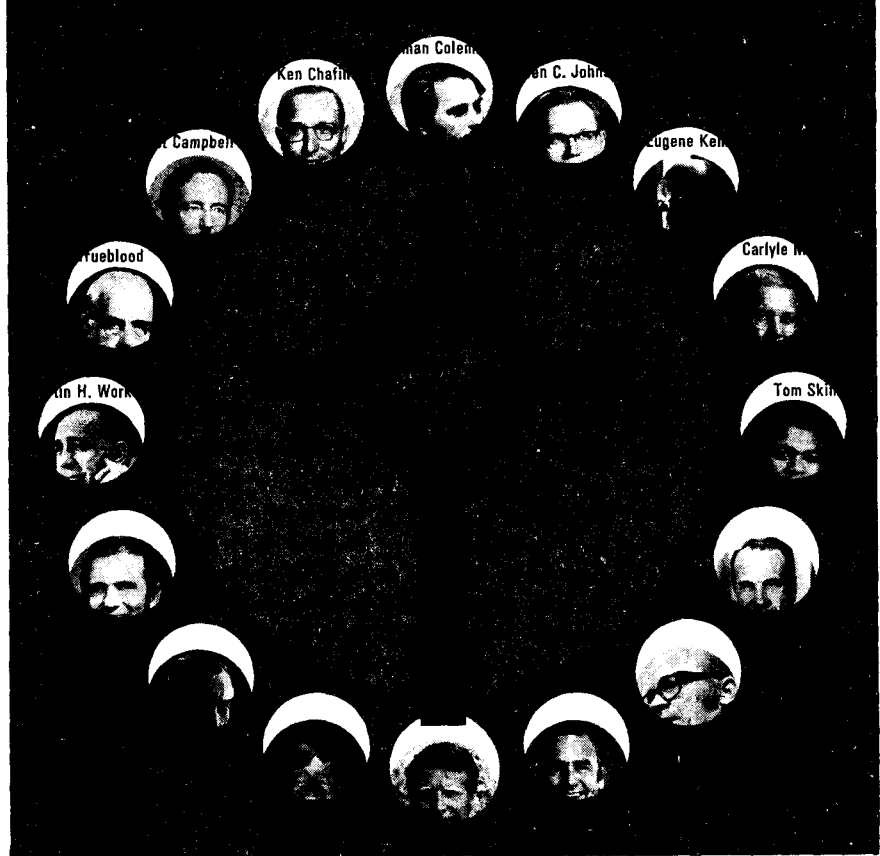
prestigious places—many are now expected to learn a new set of rules, quotas and imposed rearrangements, in which no rewards are promised them, only penalties.

The preferred liberal hypothesis of "white racism" fits too neatly the interests and moral needs of liberals; they accuse *others* of racism, and they themselves pay nothing. Some 83 percent of Americans in 1970, according to *Scientific American* [Dec. 1971] declared themselves in favor of integrated schooling—an astonishing rise in the figures over two decades. Only 10 percent of Americans declared themselves opposed. And virtually *all* Americans, in urban and rural areas, have long accepted the usefulness of busing for purposes of better education. Yet there is large-scale opposition to the busing of poor and lower-class black children into lower-status white schools, urban or suburban.

The liberal sees this contradiction as a sign of racism. But a more accurate insight suggests that what is at stake is class. Busing does not integrate lower-middle-income whites with the children of educated, professional blacks, in which case the whites would *gain* in status and in excellence. Rather, it integrates lower-status whites, insecure in their own status and often poignantly aware of their own poor educational opportunities, with blacks *still more* disadvantaged than they. The history of such integration in Northern cities is largely, but not solely, a history of rapid deterioration in the quality of education, of frequently intense cultural conflict, and of a constant leaden expectation of petty violence.

The white is perceived, just because he is white, as an "oppressor," even if his own lot is hardly better than that of the black—and even if, at least dimly, he also feels "oppressed." The black is perceived, just because he is black, in a pattern of cultural experiences that do not reflect accurately on his personal abilities or feelings or achievements. It is not always true that "integration" brings about shared cultural understanding. Two (or more)

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quite different cultural histories lie behind every encounter.

Workingmen and women do not trust mere "shoulds" or "wishes" or "theories." They trust their own experience; and they will go beyond their own experience only if they trust the leaders who draw them out. Long before social scientists began to question whether, in fact, integration of schools all by itself really improved educational achievement or cultural understanding, their experience made them doubtful. The promise of busing has been billed as a help to blacks; no one has even suggested that its purpose is to raise the educational levels of the white working family's children.

As in so many areas, so also here. Liberals encourage a solution that is no solution; that promises unequal benefit; that offers help to some and penalties to others.

If I were to formulate a sound progressive position, therefore, I would suggest the following statement:

First, we must obey the law of the land.

Secondly, the basic issue for blacks is jobs and income. From this, housing and mobility and other opportunities follow. Without this, no motivation in education or elsewhere is likely to endure.

Thirdly, there are four conditions under which I would *not* approve of busing: (1) when busing is an instrument of racial segregation (in Alabama fewer school buses now travel fewer miles for integration than earlier for segregation); (2) when busing is a detriment to health or welfare; (3) when busing moves children to an *inferior* school; (4) when busing offers little or no prospect of raising the motivation or performance of the disadvantaged; or when the probable long-range social effects of busing are divisive rather than genuinely integrative.

On this last point, further explanation is called for. The liberal premises are that education is the central road of social advancement, and that integrated *schools* are always a step toward an integrated *society*. Neither

premise is self-evident; both, questioned in the concrete, are implausible. Under certain conditions, the integration of children in school may well *not* lead to the eventual integration of society. If the experience is tense and conflicted, and if broad, deep and lasting public opposition is aroused, the political consequence may be a long-range setback for integration. And it is not certain that classroom education is the main disadvantage suffered by blacks in America; chronic unemployment often cripples motivation and performance, even when schools or job training are adequate. Pervasive cynicism is overcome only by steady and satisfying income; and guaranteed jobs do more for social integration than integrated classrooms. When jobs are available, then good work in school has point.

Like any instrument, busing is sometimes useful, sometimes not. It works best when the educational achievement and status of the white community is quite secure. More basic than busing is a large-scale program to achieve full employment for blacks—and for whites as well. Economics is a more radical reality than education.

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(Continued from page 491)

either pro-Batista or pro-money. This is not only insulting to many like myself, who were neither, but it is patently false, and someone who is preparing a book on Cuba should be more careful when it comes to making such sweeping statements.

I do find it ironic that just a few paragraphs after saying that "neither religious freedom nor religious practice have disappeared from Cuba" during the 13 years of Revolutionary government, Mr. Higgins goes on to indicate that soon Castro decided that "all education would henceforward be conducted in the Revolution's public schools." We all know that an essential part of religious freedom is freedom of education, and the Church has traditionally had two basic means for per-

forming its Apostolic vocation: the pulpit and the schoolroom. When neither can be effectively used, the avowed religious freedom is just a mockery.

As early as 1961 all Catholic schools were closed by the Cuban government, and the youth of Cuba had no other textbook but that dictated by Revolutionary indoctrination. On the other hand, along with those priests and nuns "dispatched . . . back to their country of birth," there were several dispatched *out* of theirs, namely those Cubans who tried to use the pulpit to teach, not counter-revolution but indeed undistorted Catholic doctrine. The most notorious case among these, is a young Cuban bishop (made bishop after 1959), now a resident of Caracas, Venezuela, to whom many Cuban exiles look up today as their natural and concerned pastor. This man's record during the fight against Batista and the first year or two of revolutionary changes can certainly stand the closest scrutiny on the part of those, like Mr. Higgins, who would so easily follow the all-enclosing accusation of "counter-revolutionary" which the Castro's regime employs against any dissenter. (Neither should we forget that Castro himself owes his life to one of those "living relics of the Spanish Conquest"—the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba at the time of the failed attack against the Moncada military post on the 26th of July of 1953.)

Not only did many Catholics—some known members of Catholic Action—die and suffer fighting against Batista, but they did so with the backing of officials of their Church. Among these, one only has to mention the President of the Federation of University Students (F.E.U.), one of those the Revolutionary regime honors today as the martyrs of the March 13th attack against the Presidential Palace in 1957.

Also today Catholics in Cuba suffer and some even risk death, as proven by a so-called "popular" trial which took place as recently as last December in the city of Camagüey. As a result of this trial, 30 men and women, some married couples, are in jail today, and

all they can be said to have in common is the active confession of their religious faith. Many of these men and women were delegates to the International Congress for the Laity celebrated in Rome in 1967; many used to be the heads and known leaders of various branches of the today shattered chapter of Catholic Action in Cuba.

It was not my intention to take so much of your time or even to "set the record straight," as they say. But it does bother me that the words of some present-day Church officials, who are struggling for survival, be taken as signs of either approval or conformity with the state of things in Cuba. I do not mean to say that some Catholics may not find an honest satisfaction when partaking in those tasks that may in fact alleviate the situation of innocent parties. Neither am I going to prolong this letter by explaining to Mr. Higgins how come that seminarians—or, for that matter, many Cubans—"volunteer" to cut sugar cane. It is Mr. Higgins himself who points to the Corporal Works of Mercy—although it does seem a little ironic to talk about "feeding" and "clothing" given the scarcity of many basic goods in Cuba today! (And I am not too sure that building living quarters, for instance, is an act of mercy, or even justice, if this shelter is provided as part of a program, say, of state farms that ends up enslaving its beneficiaries.) Yet, Mr. Higgins does not mention one very important Work of Mercy: to visit and console those in jail. He might have gotten a different picture from them.

"To be a Christian in Cuba today," says Mons. Fernando Aristía, Auxiliary Bishop of Santiago de Chile, "means the same as to belong to an inferior class; they [Christians] are regarded as second-class citizens." Any Cuban who has suffered the persecution of the fanatic mind knows exactly what this means. If for no other reason, I must certainly doubt the picture of happy relations between Church and State, Catholics and Communists, that Mr. Higgins would want us to accept.

(MRS.) SARA FERNANDEZ DE GARCIA

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Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: If truth "lies in the middle," than I wish Mr. Higgins, the author of that fine slur of an article concerning the church in Cuba (July 28), would start balancing his scales. It is true that "... neither religious freedom nor religious practice, have disappeared from Cuba. . ." However, if the writer of these words were to visit with and talk to the many refugees who have fled the "Island Paradise," then he might be whistling a new tune. Churches, priests and seminarians exist in Cuba, so also do blaring loudspeakers placed outside church doors providing distractions for the worshippers, the abolition of church-related events outside of the church proper and also the hunger-crisis suffered because of the food rationing. No, my friend, the "strawberries and ice cream" that the Revolution promised cannot be found in Cuba. Rationalizing a revolution 13 years after it starts does little good

for anybody concerned. But if you must rationalize, Mr. Higgins, at least do it objectively!!!

TERENCE HOGAN

St. Vincent's Seminary

Life in Community

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: I am not satisfied with the way Raymond Schroth sets the stage for his discussion of religious community [May 19]. He states, "I am assuming what some may deny: that community life is a value, not just a convenience. It is an absolute necessity for a living of the vows."

It is not valid to reserve the phrase "community life" for certain groups in the church. It tends too easily to lead to variations of the double standard of morality, one for religious (clergy) and another for the laity.

I think it is more appropriate (and correct) to say that community life is an absolute necessity for any kind of human (Christian) life, vowed or unwowed.

The church needs to foster the growth of a diversity of Christian (religious) communities, vowed and/or unwowed.

WILLIAM G. AYLWARD

Intercommunion

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: Your liturgical issue of August 25 is an ecumenical blessing upon us all. Thank you for it and please continue to highlight the hopes of Christians everywhere.

Avery Dulles' "Eucharistic Consensus" is typical of the man: careful, utterly respectful of the documents, insightful and optimistic. He is, of course, one of the best ecumenical theologians in the world, and he shows it again in this piece. Father Bassett's "Intercommunion Now?" is a twin piece in quality and evaluation. Rather than try to comment on them in detail, I would like to react quite personally.

The liturgical question about ecumenical Eucharist comes only after a personal question of faith. Obviously, the faith-less people of our time, not all of them young, will dismiss the

liturgical question out of hand. For too many non-Christians or ex-Christians (if these phrasings are still meaningful) the two articles would seem hopelessly bound up with passé structures, rules and customs. At least a brief mention of the deeper problem seems in order in any comment on the liturgical matter. I do not equate "church-less" with "faith-less."

For us who believe, and accept the Church as a blessing and a help to living the Gospel, the liturgical problem is real. Personally, I do not intercommune with our Christian brethren, since my work on the staff of the National Council of Churches simply presents too many occasions for it and the process of trying to decide what occasions warrant it and which do not is one on which I do not care to spend my time. Our Roman Catholic discipline is clear; laws formulated in 1918, however, are unlikely to reflect the ecclesiology of Vatican II, much less the developments since then. So for what it is worth, I observe the discipline but advocate a change in that discipline consonant with the change in our attitude toward those whom we have so glibly called "our separated brethren." Thank God, we have realized that they are separated *only* from us!

Concerning Intercommunion, then, surely Father Bassett's conclusion is unduly less than the sum of his premises. "For now, I believe, it is better for Catholics not to share the Eucharist." Both articles should lead to at least this conclusion: for now, *occasional* sharing of the Eucharist among those Christians whose faith warrants it, is necessary if we are to be faithful to God's will in Christ. I shall try to explain why this conclusion seems not only logical but spiritually needed in 1972.

The ecclesiological reason affirmed for forbidding Intercommunion of Christians is "the lack of perfect unity." This must be the reason given since Vatican II affirms "a certain, though imperfect, unity" exists because of Baptism and common faith. Our present Roman Catholic discipline, then,

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must be based on an affirmation that such imperfect unity does not justify even an occasional and controlled Intercommunion, even though it would help bring better unity about.

The inconsistency of demanding "perfect unity" from our fellow Christians but not from our fellow Roman Catholics is simply obvious and overwhelming to me. In my priestly ministry, like every other priest, I have given Communion to whoever came up to the rail or Communion station, usually without knowing the people, always without asking any information of them. To my sorrow, I have often extended the host to two people side by side who, I knew, would refuse even to speak to each other on the way out of church! What kind of "perfect unity" exists between two Roman Catholics who do not love each other? I am not deploring the Catholic Church's extending the sign of unity to Roman Catholics who fall far short of a perfect unity in the love which is said to be the special effect of this Sacrament. But I do very strongly object to saving the phrase used without any particular reflection as a slogan for dismissing even the possibility of occasional Intercommunion. If anyone has not yet encountered such a misuse of the phrase in Catholic parishes, then he or she need only inquire at a number of them and find out why the Eucharist is not extended to fellow Christians.

How embarrassed and hurt we all were on June 4 in St. Patrick's Cathedral, when 300 Peace-People walked out of the 2:00 p.m. Mass, leaving 300 inside, so that at Communion-time we inside had the shattering experience of singing "Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me" while the 300 outside sang the same hymn but re-using Eucharistic union. This is the reverse, if you will, of the situation remarked upon above. But it is pertinent. Did the 300 outside also reject the Eucharist as a cause of unity as well as a sign of "unity already attained"? cannot pretend to know, but do know and still feel keenly the pain of that occasion. The Eucharist could have been true, even though imperfect sign of a

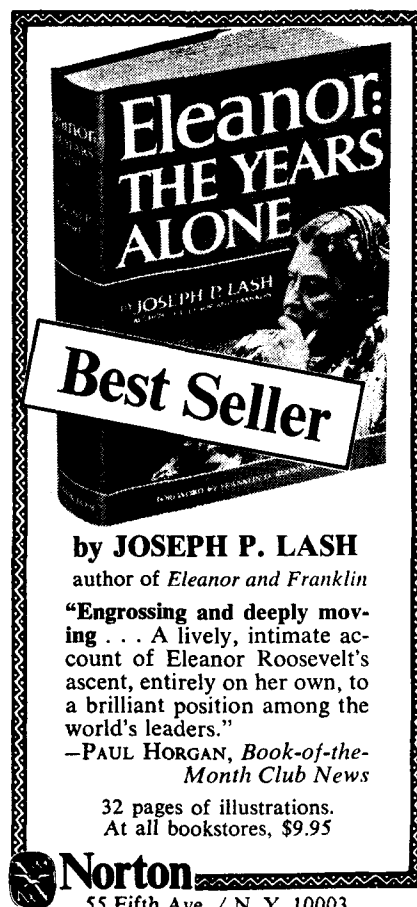
true even though imperfect love shared by those 600 good-hearted people. It was rejected by half.

My theological problem, then, stems from the seemingly adamant demand for an unreal "perfect unity and union" before we may share the Eucharist with anyone. The sooner our discipline is changed and brought into line with the theology and religious life advocated by Vatican II, the sooner will the Church have a chance to understand and share the truly religious experience that so many Christians are finding in common but transdenominational Eucharists. In 1969 the International Congress of Jesuit Ecumenists met in Chicago and called for a sympathetic investigation by Church leaders into the increasing phenomenon of Intercommunion. We asked that this phenomenon be judged not from without but from within the group of those who take the Church so seriously that they take the Eucharist that seriously as a source of their Christian life. Perhaps I am simply repeating that request in 1972; there has been little or no evidence, at least to my limited knowledge, that anyone has seriously undertaken such an investigation.

Two final reflections. Would Intercommunion conceivably be a factor in causing the grace of mutual love so desperately needed in Northern Ireland? And would anyone question my giving the Eucharist on request to other than Roman Catholics during my August chaplainship at Calvary Hospital for the poor who are dying of terminal cancer? The answers to those two questions are perhaps complicated, but if anyone cares I would like to begin a discussion of them.

(REV.) DAVID J. BOWMAN, S.J.
Commission on Regional and Local
Ecumenism, National Council of
Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.

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